



"WHAT'S THAT THERE BLANK SPACE LEFT FOR, JIM?"
 "WHY, THAT'S FOR THE FOLKS AS CAN'T READ!"

ANTICIPATED HISTORY.

(Being an extract from the work of Prof. Dryasdust, pub. circa 2000, A.D.)

THE 17th March, 1900 (St. Patrick's Day), appears to have been an eventful date in the history of Ireland. Of the precise nature of what actually occurred it is impossible at this distance of time to speak with absolute certainty. Some historians attempt to connect it with an obscure ceremony known as "the wearin' o' the green." As to the exact meaning of this phrase itself, antiquarians are much divided. Recent research has brought to light an ancient MS., held by some to be an Army Order, enjoining

Irish regiments to wear a sprig of shamrock.¹ The authenticity of this MS. is, however, very doubtful. I find in an old copy of a newspaper under date, March 19th, 1900, certain "impromptu" lines by one RUDYARD KIPLING—apparently a writer of the so-called patriotic songs,² which were sung regularly at this date in the buildings called Halls of Music.³ The lines are:—

From Bloemfontein to Ballybank⁴
 'Tis ordered by the Queen,
 We've won our right in open fight—
 The wearin' o' the green.

I do not quote these lines for any literary or other merit they possess, but simply as containing the phrase "the

wearin' o' the green," probably used then for the first time in English literature.⁵

Be these facts as they may, it is certain that the "green" was largely worn on this day. The curious fact is that those by whom it had been hitherto worn, now discarded it.⁶ But while it died out as a national emblem in Ireland, it became a popular ornament in London, where it was largely used to decorate diverse objects such as omnibuses,⁷ Jingoos,⁸ horses and mokes.⁹

(Signed)

DANIEL DRYASDUST, Prof. U.K.

¹ The word *Shamrock* is of very doubtful meaning. Even contemporary authorities (e.g., *Times*, *Daily Graphic*, *Pall Mall Gazette*) disagree as to the exact plant signified.

² One of these, entitled "The Absent-minded Beggar," evidently attained a very wide popularity. Judging from the fragments that remain, it is difficult for us to see in this production any peculiar merit.

³ V. my *Lexicon of Ancient London*.

⁴ Ballybank I cannot find in any ancient atlas, and am doubtful, therefore, of the extent of the Queen's order.

⁵ I am aware of a recent article in the *Historical Review* maintaining that KIPLING's verse is a parody of a still older ballad. But internal evidence certainly proves that this ballad—which contains some feeling and genuine poetry—is a later and more polished work than the crude jingle of the older rhymester.

⁶ During some recent research, I came across a letter from one ADA PARNELL, calling upon all Irishmen to dip the green in ink, and wear it as a sign of mourning. This advice was doubtless universally followed in Ireland.

⁷ Curious cumbrous vehicles, of which fragments are still to be seen in our museums. The form of the word suggests a Latin origin; the form of the machine, a much earlier period.

⁸ A word of doubtful meaning and origin. They appear to have been remarkable as birds of a feather that flocked together. They made a great noise, but were, we gather, perfectly harmless.

⁹ Despite opinions to the contrary I incline to identify the moke with the ass or donkey. In the works of one *Punch*, a learned writer, who alone redeems the 19th Century from the charge of barbarism, there is an account of a creature *Mokeanna*, which I take to be the feminine form of moke. On one occasion *Mokeanna* is said to bray, and when she disappeared, people asked, "Who stole the donkey?" This appears to me conclusive in favour of my theory.

MORE WORK FOR THE L.C.C.

To do away with the sandwichmen when they impede locomotion.

To exile the German bands and the organ-grinders.

To arrest the vendors of newspapers who shout out the leading lines of the contents-bills.

To prosecute the ruffianly cab followers who insult ladies for not employing them to carry their luggage.

To pull up the streets only in the night time and get the work done before daylight.

To keep an eye upon the recommendations of some of their own sub-committees, and be on the alert for departmental jobs of all descriptions.



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

"WOT ARE YER! OXFORD OR CAMBRIDGE?"

FATHER THAMES'S TIP.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

It chanced last week that wandering by the marge
Of Thames's tide—its bleakness made me shiver—
I passed a creek conveniently large,
Where lay much spoil collected from the river—
Hencoops and biscuit-tins, and cats whose throattles
Were tightly bound, and hats and boots and bottles.

And many another waif that once stood high,
But, ah, how fortune, fickle jade, upsets 'em!
Exalts at first their honour to the sky,
Next moment turns them into common jetsam—
When, as I mused, a hale and ancient party
Rose from the ooze and gave a greeting hearty!

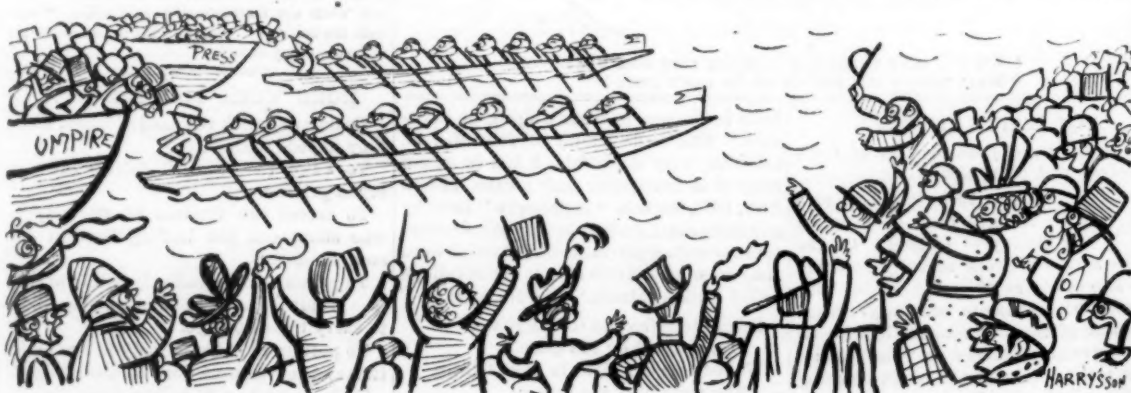
Right well I knew him: 'twas the River god;
His beard was matted and his forehead wrinkled;
And from his tangled hair with every nod
A shower of mud upon the banks was sprinkled.
He wore a tunic—nothing could be damper—
And on his head a fragmentary hamper.

"Great Thames!" I cried, "you come upon the nick;
But, oh, speak soft, lest others should remark you,
And tell me truly which shall do the trick,
Which shall be first—the azure or the dark hue?
Since for the crews each day your ebb and flow trace
The course they row, say which shall win the boat-race."

"I never bet," the god replied, "myself,
Although I bear their barks upon my deep tide.
Let others quote the odds and aim at pelf—
I simply do my work with spring or neap tide.
But as for rowing, why of course it's true, Sir,
I can't help knowing just a thing or two, Sir.

"I hear the laboured breathing of the eight,
The coxswain's shouts, the finish sharply ringing.
And some, I note, are generally late,
Some fail in drive and others fail in swinging.
The while the air grows blue with loud reproaches
Hurled at the crews by megaphoning coaches.

"And as night's shepherdess at morn is pale,
Her light grows thin and all her starry flocks wane,
So, when imposed upon the balanced scale,
Thinner and lighter grows each tiny coxswain.
Fed upon husks, but ever uncomplaining,
He fades and fades, and thus fulfils his training.



THE BOAT-RACE.

(By Our Youngest Contributor, Harry's Son.)

"All this I see, and thus of course I know;
As to the race itself and which will win it,
My mind's made up, my judgment's fixed, and so
With two crews rowing, only one crew's in it;
And that"—but as he spoke the god grew frightened,
Dived to the depths and left me unenlightened.
But in his place a bubble rose and burst,
And seemed to speak "that crew will prove the stronger,
Which shows more last and gets to Mortlake first
In shorter time, its rowing being longer.
And, therefore, since you want to know the right blue,
Keep the tip dark, but go and back the light blue."

"A STICKLER for the decent conventionalities of civilised life" writes: "Sir, under the heading 'London School Board,' I notice in the papers a description of proceedings entitled 'Evening Continuation Schools.' Why this distinctive appellation apparently differentiating such schools from 'Non-Continuation Schools'? Are there 'sans-culottes' Schools? Impossible. And yet, if not, why are 'Continuation Schools' emphasized?"

QUERY TO CLERICS. — A certain well-known Reverend preacher is advertised to give "Lent Orations" at some Hall somewhere. Um! Queer description! "Lent Orations" are uncommonly suggestive of "Borrowed Sermons."

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH begs to announce that the Fund for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, is making steady progress, and that, thanks to kind friends



everywhere, Mr. Punch will be able to give the generous benefactors a pleasant surprise in next week's number. In the meantime, subscriptions may be sent in to Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., LD., 10, Bouverie Street, E.C., who are ever ready and waiting to receive them.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

WHEN CASTING WITH A FLY ROD, BE SURE TO GET YOUR LINE WELL OUT BEHIND YOU.

APRIL 1, AND HOW TO CELEBRATE IT.

PRESIDENT KRÜGER will be invited to meet Sir ALFRED MILNER at another conference in Bloemfontein.

Mr. STEYN will receive an invitation to dine with the British officers at the Ramblers' Club in the same town.

Dr. LEYDS will be asked to deliver a lecture on MACHIAVELLI at the Imperial Institute.

General CRONJE will be given *édition de luxe* copies of BADEN-POWELL'S *Scouting*, Lord ROBERTS' *Forty-one Years in India*, and STEEVENS' *With Kitchener to Khartoum*.

The editor of the *Eclair* will receive an official telegram stating that the Boer

fleet has at length taken Mafeking, Cape Town, and St. Helena.

Mr. COURTNEY will be made a burgher of what is left of the Free State.

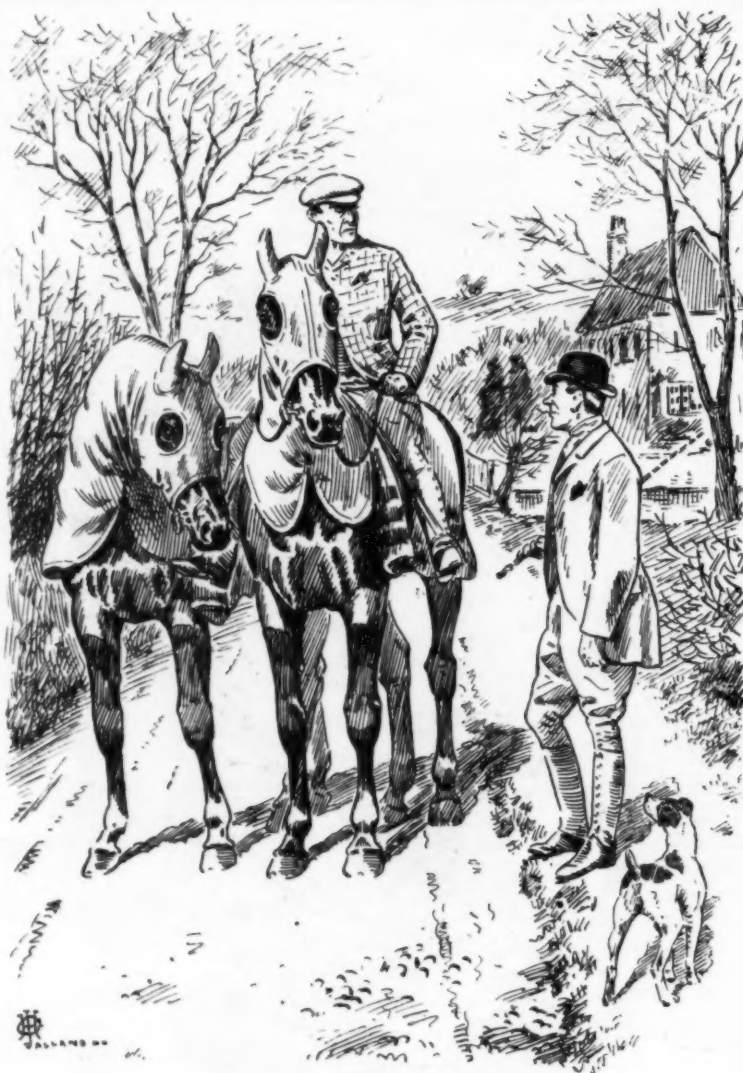
The Duke of ORLEANS will be elected a member of the Athenæum for "distinguished services to literature or art."

Mr. DILLON will be informed that he is to be knighted on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Ireland.

Mr. STEAD will be made Hon. Colonel of the Marine Light Horse.

Mr. CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER will be presented with the freedom of Scarborough and some sticking-plaster.

Mr. "UNDERWOOD" and his Directors will be favoured with a contract for refurnishing the War Office. Y. Z.



SO INCONSIDERATE.

First Melton Groom. "SO YOUR GUV'NOR HAS GONE TO THE FRONT, JIM."

Second M. G. "YUS, 'EE'S GONE. TREATED ME VERY SHABBY TOO."

First M. G. "HOW DO YOU MEAN!"

Second M. G. "WHY, 'EE TOOK MY BEST 'OSS WITH 'IM!"

DIARY OF A "PEACE" ORATOR.

Monday.—The work of my life now begins. To-night I address great meeting at northern manufacturing town to denounce the war with the Transvaal. In imagination I already see the eager faces, hear the enthusiastic cheers. I am borne shoulder-high by transported audience, stirred to its depths by my eloquence and my arguments. Glorious!

Tuesday.—Monday's meeting hardly came up to my expectations. Prophetic vision proved somewhat deceptive. The eager faces were there, but they were

eager for my blood. The cheers were there, but not for ME. Quite the contrary. Finally, when I was actually on the verge of being lifted shoulder-high by transported audience (it deserved to be transported), with a view to submersion in a neighbouring public fountain, the police happily appeared and rescued me. I am, of course, opposed to war and to physical force of any kind, but I was glad to see they used their truncheons. Meeting to-morrow at great Scottish city. Have great hopes of Scotland.

Thursday.—Scottish peace meeting very disappointing. Feeling curiously hostile.

"Are not your fathers and brothers fighting in a bad cause, murderously assaulting a gallant foe who have courageously invaded our territories in self-defence?" I cried. Unmistakable sounds of disapproval interrupted the thread of my remarks. Raising my voice, I shouted in impassioned accents: "Will you support this dastard soldiery in its cowardly attacks upon a brave agricultural people?" But they wouldn't listen to reason. Indeed, they wouldn't listen to anything. With a howl of fury they rushed at the platform, and but for the opportune position of a side door, my blood would have "stained the heather," as the ballad picturesquely puts it. Scottish meeting certainly disappointing.

Friday.—Resting. To-morrow, the great meeting!

Saturday Night.—The great meeting is over. Another failure. The unreasonable fury of my audiences is quite unintelligible to me. I made it perfectly clear that the British Government and the British Nation were despicable and unscrupulous and greedy and overbearing, but they only responded by singing "Rule Britannia." "Is that ridiculous song any answer to my arguments?" I asked. The words, innocent enough surely? provoked an outburst of frenzied violence. ... Is this Freedom of Speech? No! ... I shall continue the agitation as soon as my eye has recovered its normal colour.

TO THE G. P. O.

I LOVE a girl with ardour fond,
And she returns my passion,
So we intend to correspond
In sentimental fashion;
But though we're both in town, yet we,
Kind G. P. O., must trouble you,
My postal district is S. E.,
Whilst hers is the N. W.

I'll write her notes, each day I hope,
Imprint some kisses damp on,
Enclose them in an envelope
And stick a penny stamp on;
Although my sentiments may be
As airy as a bubble, you
Will please convey them from S. E.
To far away N. W.

I trust we both may get distinct
Enjoyment from our letters.
Until the day when we are linked
In matrimonial fetters;
And then you'll very quickly see
No more a loving hub'll u-
-tilise the post to bind S. E.
So closely to N. W.

P. G.

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING. — SMITH asked JONES, "Do you belong to a Sharp-shooter's corps?" "No," answered JONES, who was limping along, "but I've got a 'sharp shooter' that belongs to me, and I'm going to have his 'core' extracted. What ho! the pedicure!"

"'POWERFUL,' AHoy!"



"WELCOME HOME!"

[H.M.S. "Powerful," with the Ladysmith contingent of the Naval Brigade, is expected to arrive at Portsmouth within the next ten days.]



APRIL 1.

Mamma. "OH, I AM SO GLAD TO MEET YOU, PROFESSOR. YOU KNOW EVERYTHING. DO TELL ME WHAT TIME THE TRAIN THAT STOPS NOWHERE STARTS."

[For once the Professor is not ready.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN has enriched the world with a book recording "The Early Life of CHARLES JAMES FOX." *The Letters and Life of George Selwyn* (FISHER UNWIN), edited by E. S. ROSCOE and HELEN CLERGUE, might, my Baronite suggests, be described as "The Early and Late Life" of PITT's great rival. It is true SELWYN chiefly deals with one familiar phase of it—that passed at the gaming table. Even in the most critical periods of political strife, FOX was to be found early and late at BROOKS'S playing for high stakes, and, in the main, losing. When Lord NORTH was turned out and FOX was inevitable as his

successor, he was quite bored at BROOKS'S by the interruption of State affairs. SELWYN compassionately mentions that "CHARLES can neither punt or deal for a quarter of an hour but he is obliged to give an audience." Under date, May 21, 1781, SELWYN writes, "Yesterday, about the middle of the day, passing by BROOKS'S, I saw a hackney coach, which announced a late sitting." On enquiry he found that FOX and two others had been playing pharo through the live long night and the May morning, a sum of 3,500 guineas changing hands. That was nothing. Another entry records a loss by one player at a single sitting of £13,000. Eight days after what FOX's successors

in the House of Commons have learned to call an all-night sitting, FOX was "wakened in the morning by news that an execution was put in." The furniture was going, and soon his bed would be wanted. Being a man of resource, he moved into a neighbouring Apothecary's, went over to BROOKS'S, and gambled again. SELWYN's letters were written to Lord CARLISLE, serving in Dublin as Lord Lieutenant. They profess to supply, and the effort is brilliantly successful, all the gossip of the town, political and social. It is history stripped of its brocade; history in its pyjamas, but, perhaps, all the more interesting and instructive.

Southern Arabia (SMITH, ELDER) is a record of successive journeyings by Mr. and Mrs. THEODORE BENT, through unfrequented districts of an ancient, still unfamiliar country. A permanent and valuable result is found in the half-dozen maps drawn after personal survey of pathways hitherto untrodden by a white man, not to mention a white woman. In his travelling, not always free from peril, Mr. BENT was comforted by the companionship of his plucky and resourceful wife. On the whole, my Baronite comes to the conclusion that Southern Arabia is more pleasant to read about than to sojourn in. It teems with personages grandiloquently styled Sultans, who seem to be exceedingly mean cusses. What they want is backsheesh, and, in the words of the advertisement, they see that they get it. Whilst all the men are dirty, not all the women are beautiful. In one of many passages of vivid description Mrs. BENT says of the Arab girls, "Their bodies and faces are dyed a bright yellow; on this ground they paint black lines with antimony over their eyes. The fashionable colour of the nose is red; ring spots adorn the cheek." Thus in South Arabia is a thing of beauty a joy forever.

H. D. RAWNSLEY, M.A., Hon. Canon of Carlisle, has exploded in a volume, not of smoke, but of patriotic verse, entitled *Ballads of the War* (J. M. DENT & Co.). The Canon is nothing if not enthusiastically patriotic, and, no doubt, his lyrics canonical (not strictly written according to "canon") will be acceptable to poetic patriots. The Baron's own Private Poet is somewhat distressed at the Canon's having treated a subject which he, the B.'s P. P., had already selected. At the Private Poet's urgent request, the Baron publishes the production in question—it is entitled, as is the Canon's verse, "The Bugler's Wish," and, premising that whatever may be the correct pronunciation of "Tugela," our bard has taken out his "poetic license," here it is—

"What shall we give you, my little Buglar,
What for the bugle you lost at Tugelar?"
"Give me another! that I may go
To the front and return them blow for blow."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HIC INDICAT SUSPENDISSE VESTIMENTA.

[The *Lancet* reports the case of a man who has swallowed his braces.]

THO' I was not wont to question
That a healthy indigestion
Could be captured from a crummet or a crab,
It another kind of case is
If a man may eat his braces,
And batten on the buckle and the tab.

There are times when beef and mutton
Fail to please the merest glutton,
And I'm personally very sick of each,
And there's constantly a reason
(Such as being out of season)
Why the dishes that I want are not in reach.

But my fancy fairly riots
In the prospect of new diets
That is opened by the *Lancet's* gentle touch ;

For when meat inspires loathing
We can always take to clothing,
And it does not seem to hurt one very much.

There is naught, they say, like leather,
And I dimly wonder whether
This suspender had the succulence of hide,

Or if it was elastic
So particularly plastic
That it easily got folded up inside.

But it really doesn't matter
How you manage to get fatter,
And a recipe is never out of place ;
So if feebleness is chronic
You can try this modern tonic
And presumably it cannot fail to brace.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, March 21, says,—
"Telegraphic communication with Bloemfontein having been restored, telegrams in plain language may be accepted for that town at sender's risk." We could send a wire to Oom PAUL in uncommonly plain language: likewise to Mr. STEYN, who, *some* phrase, gave "BOBS" the lie direct.



Elder Sister (coming up). "KITTY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN SAYING TO CAPTAIN COWARD? HE LOOKS DREADFULLY OFFENDED!"

Kitty (engaged to the Captain). "I ONLY TOLD HIM THAT IF HE HAD GONE TO THE WAR AND BEEN SHOT, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN SO PROUD OF HIM!"

TO ILLUSTRATED PAPER ARTISTS.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO DRAW ANY CELEBRITY WATCHING THE BOAT-RACE, PLEASE AVOID THE ABOVE KIND OF BALCONY.
WITH THANKS FOR WARNING IN THE *DAILY GRAPHIC*, MARCH 19.



Lady. "YES, HOPE AND CHARITY IS RIGHT. BUT WHAT IS THE FIRST THING WE ALL NEED TO MAKE US HAPPY?"
Small Girl. "'USBANDS, MISS."

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
 IN MONTHLY PARTS.

IV.—THE IMPERIAL, OR MARTIAL, SECTION.

[*Note.*—Complaints having been made that some of these Thoughts are too Great for a single day's digestion, in future the larger ones will be spread over a longer period.]

MARCH 1ST TO 4TH.

From ALFRED'S wave-girl isle they fared them forth
 Over the salt and intervening sea,
 Heirs of the Saxon, nurtured by the North,
 Wielding the Great One's watchword—*Ever Free*;
 Sworn for his sake to crush the tyrant's crown,
 Bring liberty to bondsmen held in thrall,
 And ultimately lay their trophies down
 At England's Darling's corpse's feet withal.

Alfr-d A-st-n.

5TH.—With certain reservations, which I undertake to set out at length in my forthcoming volume, the conduct of our Generals receives the stamp of my approval. *W-nt-n Ch-rch-l.*

6TH, 7TH.—England! I think to-day thou shouldst be proud,
 Whose lion's paw is on the lone ewe-lamb;
 Craven! when blood of Christians cried aloud
 Thou caredst not one Oriental —. *W. W-ts-n.*

8TH, 9TH.—It is a poignant sign of the New Degeneracy—not without its note of irony for those antiquated people, if any, who still pursue the study of the past—that the honest enemies of England, prophesying in the English Press, or from an English platform, cannot secure an impartial hearing even from their own fellow-countrymen! *H. W. M-ss-ngh-m.*

10TH TO 12TH.—Ere yet our conquering Captains flit,
 Ere yet the shouting dies away,

Shall we, the chosen race, omit
 To make the rebels pay, pay, pay?
 Beware, with memory like a sieve,
 Lest we forget, and so forgive.

R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.

13TH TO 16TH.

[On Mr. Punch's cartoon of CRONJE at St. Helena.]

Admire how the Tyrannical in current adumbration of Sambourne-pen stands at insular remove posed authentic; takes sullen salute of co-exile cognisant in vagueness of the over-again of Imperial Fact. A picture of contrastables confluent to similar; here your Dutch, exsurgent from Cincinnati-plough, inexpert of externals transmarine and other, territorial within limits of the fencible; there, your Corsican, cosmic to the utter of bellicose, insatiate of a shackled hemisphere one link short; labefact each before a like Necessitated, merging extremes.

G-rye M-r-d-th.

17TH [St. Patrick's Day] TO 23RD:

Type of the Unity of Britain's sons
 Confirmed and welded 'neath the foeman's guns,
 To-day, in every clime betwixt the poles,
 Trifoliate in loyal button-holes
 (Or otherwise attached to loyal chests)
 The *Oxalis Acetosella* rests.

A. A-st-n.

[Variation on same theme.]

O PADDY dear, and did ye hear
 How fine the Union grows?
 The Saxon sports the shamrock,
 And the Kelt he sports the rose!
 The Welsh are eating thistles
 And the English eating leeks,
 And the Highlands take for friendship's sake
 To the wearing of the breeks!

W. E. H. L-cky.

24TH TO 26TH.—On the road to Bloomfontene,

'Ome o' late-lamented STINE
 Lawst observed a-movin' outwards in a absent frame o'
 mind!
 On the road to Harcadec,
 Milk an' 'oney flowin' free
 From the bloomin' fount o' blessin's wot the late 'un
 left be'ind!

R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.

27TH.—Courage, my brave brothers! I and the Island are watching you. *H-ll C-ne.*

28TH TO 30TH.—[To KRÜGER.]

HAZAE! by the blood that smears thy hands!
 And JEROBOAM by thy people's shame!
 Lord of the woman's lash that bites and brands—
 Lo, where they wait, the Avenger's pageantry,
 Crowning thy bastion'd crags with sword and flame
 To wipe thee out, thy curséd kin and thee!

A. C. Sic-ub-rne.

31ST.—VICTORIA! VICTORIA! VICTORIA!

Sir L. M-rr-s (by request). O. S.

FROM THE WINGS OF THE WYNDHAM THEATRE.—Some curiosity has been evinced by theatre patrons as to how Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM will treat his nose when he appears as "*Cyrano de Bergerac*, or the Nasal and Military Hero." Most are of opinion that this will be the principal feature of the piece, and some fear is expressed lest this should be the only point in it. Those of this opinion have not got hold of the right tip as to this nose. Yet its obvious presence ought so to pervade the house that, as *Hamlet* says, "You will nose him as you go into the lobby." The earliest arrival will exclaim, "What is that I see before me? Is it a nose?" The reply will be, "Yes, Sir, a nose de Bergerac."

IN VINDICATION OF SCIENCE.

[The *Phrenological Journal* has been examining Lord ROBERTS's bumps with the aid of a photograph. From "the development of his head in the region of the parietal eminence" it is concluded that "he can be depended on to do the right thing in an emergency."]

Oh, the prodigies of Science are increasing day by day

Till they put to shame our questionings incredulous;

The secrets of our being its authority obey,

As its studies grow more accurate and sedulous;

Till now—though doubtful in the past—our grievous fault we own,

And, tendering our abjectest apology, Proclaim his exploits, hoping in some measure to atone

Thereby to the Professor of Phrenology.

A photo or engraving will be quite enough for him

To judge each bump and measure each concavity,

He will finger KRÜGER's cranium and tell us he is *slim*,

And predicate the Khalifa's depravity;

The military genius of "BOBS" he knows at sight,

And sees that STEAD has impulses to pacify,

He reads a bishop's virtues, and invariably he's right

When endeavouring our public men to classify.

He hits on each convexity, protuberance, and bump,

And is never at a loss for what to say from them;

He'll prophesy from Mr. Punch's own time-honoured hump

His power all other's "hump" to take away from them;

So all who are distinguished by their qualities of mind

Their genius may determine with facility, For they only need to tell him their achievements—he will find

A bump that will account for their ability.

RESURRECTION-PIE.

Notes on the latest Russian dish from the diary of Count T-ist-y, translated into English by A. R.

January, 1890.—Excellent idea for a new dish. Large slices of the elemental passions with sauce à la melodrame and plenty of seasoning.

February, March, and so on for a year or so.—Have started upon the new dish. Considering that I am constantly changing the ingredients—taking some out and putting fresh ones in—dish promises extremely well.

January, 1898.—Dissatisfied. Have considered 200 ways of serving up—none



He. "YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR MY BROTHER HAS DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AT THE FRONT."
She. "WHICH ONE? THE CLEVER ONE?" He. "OH—ER—WE'RE ALL CLEVER!"

please me. Not body enough; so have stiffened with large quantities of social and religious powders. Several faddists who have stepped in to taste it now pronounce it admirable.

January, 1899.—Quite satisfied with my dish. It has completely upset the digestion of many former admirers. This shows its merits and testifies to the splendid advance I have made as a literary cook since the days when I was merely an artist. After all—what is art?

Autumn, 1899.—Understand some people admire Norwegian cookery. Chnk! Have tasted an insipid production by a Scandi-

navian imbecile. What palates some folks have!

March, 1900.—My dish going strong in England. No idea it was grandly solid (those powders did it!) till I heard from a friend how reviewers were dropping in dozens and being sent off in batches to the hospitals. Now if I wasn't opposed to war, what splendid ammunition this Resurrection-Pie would have made. Already it is taking its place on the Continent as a new and efficacious anæsthetic. Good. I have revolutionised religion, ethics and art; perhaps I shall also revolutionise science.



Applicant (for situation as Parlour-maid). "SHOULD I BE EXPECTED TO HAND THINGS AT LUNCH, MADAM, OR DO YOU STRETCH?"

THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

[“Mr. CHARLES M. SHELDON was entrusted with the editorship of the *Topeka Daily Chronicle* for a week. He was to edit it entirely according to his own ideas. The experiment has proved an unmitigated fiasco.”—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN I took to the Press, as a middle-aged man,
(Said I to myself—said I,)

I 'll work on a new and original plan
(Said I to myself—said I,)

I 'll cut out the columns of crime and divorce,
I never will mention the name of a horse,
And the betting we 'll drop, as a matter of course,
(Said I to myself—said I!)

Then politics, too, are ephemeral things,
(Said I to myself—said I,)
And so are the doings of Queens and of Kings,
(Said I to myself—said I,)

And war is so wicked that I will refuse
To print in my paper who win and who lose—
In short, I 'll abolish all manner of news,
(Said I to myself—said I!)

But I 'll fill up my columns with temperance facts,
(Said I to myself—said I,)
And temperance meetings and temperance tracts,
(Said I to myself—said I,)
And as for my leaders, no grave D.D.

Can write better sermons, as you will agree,
While in each little par, lo! a text there shall be,
(Said I to myself—said I!)

UNITED IRELAND.

[“Irish Nationalists dined together at the Hotel Cecil to celebrate the reunion of Irish parties . . . There was a free fight and the police were called in.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THE hall of Cecil 's glowin', bhoys,
The craytur—good luck to it!—'s flowin', bhoys,
An' our hearts are afire
Wid amazin' desire,
To show 'tis united we 're growin', bhoys.
Then we 'll go for each other to-night, me lads,
'Tis never too late for delight, me lads,
An' the best way I know
To unite wid a foe
Is to grapple him close in a fight, me lads.

SOUNDS BAD FOR THE DARK BLUE.—One of the Oxford crew was recently described, in a report of their practice, as “the spare man.” If he is “spare” by comparison with the others, much depends on how stout his seven fellow-oarmen may be. But if they are all stout and he is the only spare man, then how about *their* good condition? Probably they are all “slim” enough, but this isn't of much avail.



POCKET VERSUS SENTIMENT.

FRENCH RAND SHAREHOLDER. "IS HE NOT A BOER AND A BROTHER?"

GERMAN RAND SHAREHOLDER. "YES! BUT IF HE WRECK OUR MINES?"

FIRST SHAREHOLDER. "A-A-A-AH!"

[We can hardly believe that President KRÜGER could commit such a blunder (as the threatened destruction of the Rand mines). The proprietors of the mines are not all English, far from it, and France, Germany, Europe as a whole, possesses shares in the majority of the great companies which have exploited South African soil. . . . If he went so far, would not Mr. KRÜGER estrange precious sympathies? The "Débats," quoted by the "Times," March 23.]

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THE

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 19.—Few things more pleasing or touching than attitude of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD towards ST. MICHAEL in discussion on Budget scheme. To the guardianship of All Angels ST. MICHAEL has added the jealous watchfulness of his predecessor at the Treasury. Rude boys, like JEMMY LOWTHER and CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, speak disrespectfully of the Budget. (The CAP'EN, who never forgives his old chum, CORPORAL HANBURY, for accepting a commission, sneers at him as "the acolyte of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.") The SQUIRE is down on them with weighty reproof. ST. MICHAEL sits smiling and blushing on Treasury Bench while his battles are fought by this doughty champion.

HENRY FOWLER ventured to say War Loan would have been better raised by terminable annuities. Hereby was the SQUIRE twice blessed. Had renewed opportunity of defending his disciple, and was able to show how hopelessly devoid of financial capacity is the body he once led on the Front Opposition Bench. His approval just sufficiently spiced with criticism. Thinks ST. MICHAEL would have done better further to increase taxation; also doesn't like his somewhat flippant manner of alluding to the late millionaire who lived on fifteen



"THE GOOD OLD RULE, THE SIMPLE PLAN."

She. "IT'S TOO PROVOKING! WE'VE ONLY JUST HAD THE DRAINS PUT RIGHT, AND NOW THE SERVANTS ARE ALL COMPLAINING THAT THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED!"

He. "I'M SURE I'M VERY SORRY; BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT I CAN DO."

She. "WHY, OF COURSE, YOU MUST HAVE A MAN DOWN FROM LONDON WHO UNDERSTANDS ABOUT GHOSTS!"



THE ACOLYTE OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

(Mr. H-nb-ry.)

shillings a day, and left the State £900,000.

"Never look a dead millionaire in the mouth," said Sir WILLIAM, enriching the language with a fresh proverb.

On the whole, he regards the Budget as a structure almost as near perfection as he could have made it himself. Anyhow, he won't have other people criticising it, or presuming to lecture ST. MICHAEL. These relations between eminent persons on the two Front Benches very pleasant. Cast a glow of friendship over the political arena. Same time it makes things duller than ever.

Business done.—Budget Bill read a second time.

Tuesday.—In the temporary withdrawal from the scene of his esteemed Leaders, Mr. FLAVIN took "the flure" to-night, and discoursed on oats and the Consolidated Fund Bill. The member for North Kerry was dressed with that apparently careless, really studied grace, that makes Listowel sit up on Sundays. To show he was not proud in his best clothes, was perfectly at his ease he, whilst he spoke, lightly rested his right fist in his trouser pocket. If there was about him indica-

tion of aloofness from the common horde it was shown in the persistence with which, overlooking members opposite and above gangway on his side, he persistently addressed the SPEAKER.

"Now, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, "considering the large proportion Ireland has to pay to the cost of the war, if you don't, Mr. SPEAKER, give us something back in the way of contracts there will be nothing remaining for me, Mr. SPEAKER, but—to enter my protest."

Rather an anti-climax after long note of preparation; but it has good Parliamentary sound about it, and Mr. FLAVIN's speech is quaintly made up of the echoes of stock sentences repeated with supreme gravity. Much better when, occasionally, he steps out of beaten track; as for example when he persistently declined to use the ordinary phrase "oats." He, with large manner, and comprehensive wave of disengaged left arm, always alluded to the commodity as "an oat."

"Now, Mr. SPEAKER, if an oat weighs twenty-four pound to the bushel—I say twenty-four pounds, not knowing what is the weight the War Office has fixed—but

if you have an oat weighing, say, twenty-four pound to the bushel, and the Irish farmer has an oat weighing thirty-six pound to the bushel he is teetotally debarred from tendering."

House broke into fit of laughter. Mr. FLAVIN looked round with startled air as if just recognising existence of members opposite. What they might be laughing at he couldn't imagine; didn't think it worth while considering; quickly resolved



"Teetotally debarred, Mr. Speaker!"
("An Oat" of Mr. FLAVIN.)

to resume his concentrated attention on the Chair.

"Yes, Mr. SPEAKER, I say the Irish farmer, with an oat weighing thirty-six pounds to the bushel, is teetotally debarred from tendering."

The added emphasis placed upon the alluring adverb greeted with fresh burst of laughter which Mr. FLAVIN majestically ignored. If a failure in Mr. FLAVIN's debating style may be hinted at, it is found in what may be described as his teetotal inability to catch a favourable moment for concluding his remarks. Having repeated himself five times he, with disdainful gesture, flings on the bench behind him the sheet of notes from which he has been speaking. Looks as if he were about to resume his seat. Stretches out hand towards his hat; eye falls upon POWELL WILLIAMS sitting at end of Treasury Bench, crushed with reflection on wiles of War Office contractor, who, as he has just confided to the House, when whole establishment is on the alert at the front door looking out for him with short weight of inferior coal, gets in at the back door under another name loaded with rotten forage.

"If, Mr. SPEAKER," Mr. FLAVIN suddenly continues, with a side glance at

the Treasury Bench, "you had an oat that weighed twenty-six pound to the bushel—and that I believe is what the Financial Secretary to the War Office insists upon—you might have a chance. But the Irish farmer with an oat weighing thirty-six pound to the bushel, and, therefore, a heavier, better oat, he, as I said before, is teetotally debarred."

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read second time.

Thursday.—Irish members amazed at their own victory. By arrangement made some time ago with PRINCE ARTHUR, today set apart for them to serve up once more the thrice-boiled colewort of their luminous essays on financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland. It happened that members in charge of London Water Bill also selected to-day for its second reading. This a fresh injury to Ireland. The tyranny of private bill legislation is only too familiar. Several times this Session it has peremptorily interposed, delaying public business for a space varying from one hour to three.

That all very well for the Saxon, if he likes to stand it. Irish members not to be trifled with. Moreover, here was a fine opening for bold advertisement. The tambourine going round Ireland and United States doing badly. No response, as in days of yore, to the reiterated "pay, pay, pay." Moral, try on the old game. To turn the High Court of Parliament into a bear garden, to obstruct business, to blatantly defy authority would be worth £50 at least. To get themselves suspended was good for a sorely needed £100.

Game played with success, stopping short only of the £100 limit. The SPEAKER, possibly influenced by disinclination to play up to the obvious game, refrained from "naming" the rioters. CHRISTOPHER TROUT, BARTLEY, less diplo-



"Mr. Speaker, I do not purpose to unduly occupy the House by dilating on this topic."

(Mr. J-hn R-dm-nd.)

matic, did. He called them a rabble, and was immediately directed by the Chair to withdraw the imputation. As for PRINCE ARTHUR, disturbed in his private room, where he was engaged in sharing the meditations of MARCUS AURELIUS, he came in and meekly surrendered.

Rather a bad business for the Mother of Parliaments. Taken all round, nothing since the free fight on the floor of the House which disturbed the serenity of



"Now, do I look like a Parson?"
(The Right Hon. H-nry Ch-pl-n.)

a June night seven years dead has stricken such a blow at dignity and authority in the House of Commons.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—SARK advises me, if I have any business to transact with President of Local Government Board, better defer it till Monday, a habitually serene temper being ruffled by little incident that happened on his way down to House this afternoon.

Looking in at War Office to see GEORGE WYNDHAM, he found a strange janitor at the door.

"Will you tell Mr. WYNDHAM I want to see him on urgent business?" said H. C. in his blandest manner.

"What name, Sir?"

"CHAPLIN," said H. C., wondering where the man could have been hiding his head for the last twenty years.

"Chaplain of the forces. Yes, Sir, this way, Sir," and the attendant turned to open the door.

"Do I look like a parson?" roared the sometime owner of *Hermit*.

Business done.—Debate on University Education in Ireland. Illumined by speech from WILLIAM JONES (North Carnarvonshire) that charmed House by the fire and the simplicity of its eloquence.



A

T half-past nine the crew of the *Merman* were buried in slumber, at nine thirty-two

three of the members were awake with heads protruding out of their bunks, trying to peer through the gloom, while the fourth dreamt that a tea-tray was falling down a never-ending staircase. On the floor of the fore-castle something was cursing prettily and rubbing itself.

"Did you 'ear anything, TED?" inquired a voice in an interval of silence.

"Who is it?" demanded TED, ignoring the question. "Wot d'yer want?"

"I'll let you know who I am," said a thick and angry voice. "I've broke my blarsted back."

"Light the lamp, BILL," said TED.

BILL struck a tandsticker match, and carefully nursing the tiny sulphurous flame with his hand, saw dimly some high-coloured object on the floor. He got out of his bunk and lit the lamp, and an angry and very drunken member of Her Majesty's foot forces became visible.

"Wot are you doin' 'ere?" inquired TED, sharply; "this ain't the guard-room."

"Who knocked me over?" demanded the soldier, sternly; "take your co—coat off lik' a man."

He rose to his feet and swayed unsteadily to and fro.

"If you keep your li'l 'eds still," he said gravely, to BILL, "I'll punch 'em."

By a stroke of good fortune he selected the real head, and gave it a blow which sent it crashing against the woodwork. For a moment the seaman stood gathering his scattered senses, then with an oath he sprang forward, and in the lightest of fighting trim waited until his adversary, who was by this time on the floor again, should have regained his feet.

"He's drunk, BILL," said another voice, "don't 'urt 'im. He's a chap wot said 'e was coming aboard to see me—I met 'im

in the 'Green Man' this evening. You was coming to see me, mate, wasn't you?"

The soldier looked up stupidly, and gripping hold of the injured BILL by the shirt, staggered to his feet again, and advancing towards the last speaker let fly suddenly in his face.

"Sort man I am," he said, autobiographically. "Feel my arm."

The indignant BILL took him by both, and throwing himself upon him suddenly fell with him to the floor. The intruder's head met the boards with a loud crash, and then there was silence.

"You ain't killed 'im, BILL?" said an old seaman, stooping over him anxiously.

"Course not," was the reply; "give us some water."

He threw some in the soldier's face, and then poured some down his neck, but with no result. Then he stood upright, and exchanged glances of consternation with his friends.

"I don't like the way he's breathing," he said, in a trembling voice.

"You always was pertikler, BILL," said the cook, who had thankfully got to the bottom of his staircase. "If I was you—"

He was not allowed to proceed any further; footsteps and a voice were heard above, and as old THOMAS hastily extinguished the lamp, the mate's head was thrust down the scuttle, and the mate's voice sounded a profane reveille.

"Wot are we goin' to do with it?" inquired TED, as the mate walked away.

"'Im, TED," said BILL, nervously. "He's alive all right."

"If we put 'im ashore an' 'e's dead," said old THOMAS, "there'll be trouble for somebody. Better let 'im be, and if 'e's dead, why we don't none of us know nothing about it."

The men ran up on deck, and BILL, being the last to leave, put a boot under the soldier's head before he left. Ten minutes later they were under way, and standing about the deck, discussed the situation in thrilling whispers as opportunity offered.

At breakfast, by which time they were in a dirty tumbling sea, with the *Nore* lightship, a brown forlorn-looking object, on their beam, the soldier, who had been breathing stertorously, raised

his heavy head from the boot, and with glassy eyes and tightly compressed lips gazed wonderingly about him.

"Wot cheer, mate?" said the delighted BILL. "'Ow goes it?"

"Where am I?" inquired Private HARRY BLISS in a weak voice.

"Brig Merman," said BILL; "bound for Bystermouth."

"Well, I'm damned," said Private BLISS; "it's a blooming miracle. Open the winder, it's a bit stuffy down here. Who—who brought me here?"

"You come to see me last night," said BOB, "an' fell down, I s'pose; then you punched BILL 'ere in the eye and me in the jor."

Mr. BLISS, still feeling very sick and faint, turned to BILL, and after critically glancing at the eye turned on him for inspection, transferred his regards to the other man's jaw.

"I'm a devil when I'm boozed," he said, in a satisfied voice.

"Well, I must get ashore; I shall get cells for this, I expect."

He staggered to the ladder, and with unsteady haste gained the deck and made for the side. The heaving waters made him giddy to look at, and he gazed for preference at a thin line of coast stretching away in the distance.

The startled mate, who was steering, gave him a hail, but he made no reply. A little fishing-boat was jumping about in a way to make a sea-sick man crazy, and he closed his eyes with a groan. Then the skipper, aroused by the mate's hail, came up from below, and walking up to him put a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"What are you doing aboard this ship?" he demanded austere.

"Go away," said Private BLISS faintly; "take your paw off my tunic; you'll spoil it."

He clung miserably to the side, leaving the incensed skipper to demand explanations from the crew. The crew knew nothing about him, and said that he must have stowed himself away in an empty bunk; the skipper pointed out coarsely that there were no empty bunks, whereupon BILL said that he had not occupied his the previous evening, but had fallen asleep sitting on the locker, and had injured his eye against the corner of a bunk in consequence. In proof whereof he produced the eye.

"Look here, old man," said Private BLISS, who suddenly felt better. He turned and patted the skipper on the back. "You just turn to the left a bit and put me ashore, will you?"

"I'll put you ashore at Bystermouth," said the skipper, with a grin. "You're a deserter, that's what you are, and I'll take care you're took care of."

"You put me ashore!" roared Private BLISS, with a very fine imitation of the sergeant-major's parade voice.

"Get out and walk," said the skipper contemptuously over his shoulder, as he walked off.

"Here," said Mr. BLISS, unbuckling his belt, "hold my tunic one of you. I'll learn 'im."

Before the paralysed crew could prevent him he had flung his coat into BILL's arms and followed the master of the *Merman* aft. As a light-weight he was rather fancied at the gymnasium, and in the all too brief exhibition which followed he displayed fine form and a knowledge of anatomy which even the skipper's tailor was powerless to frustrate.

The frenzy of the skipper as TED assisted him to his feet and he saw his antagonist struggling in the arms of the crew was terrible to behold. Strong men shivered at his words, but Mr. BLISS, addressing him as "Whiskers," told him to call his crew off and to come on, and shaping as well as two pairs of brawny arms round his middle would permit, endeavoured in vain to reach him.

"This," said the skipper bitterly, as he turned to the mate, "is what you an' me have to pay to keep up. I wouldn't let you go now, my lad, not for a fi-pun' note. Deserter, that's what you are!"

He turned and went below, and Private BLISS, after an insulting address to the mate, was hauled forward, struggling fiercely,

and seated on the deck to recover. The excitement passed, he lost his colour again, and struggling into his tunic, went and brooded over the side.

By dinner-time his faintness had passed, and he sniffed with relish at the smell from the galley. The cook emerged bearing dinner to the cabin, then he returned and took a fine smoking piece of boiled beef flanked with carrots down to the fore-castle. Private BLISS eyed him wistfully and his mouth watered.

For a time pride struggled with hunger, then pride won a partial victory and he descended carelessly to the fore-castle.

"Can any o' you chaps lend me a pipe o' baccy?" he asked, cheerfully.

BILL rummaged in his pocket and found a little tobacco in a twist of paper.

"Bad thing to smoke on a empty stomach," he said, with his mouth full.

"Tain't my fault it's empty," said Private BLISS, pathetically.

"Tain't mine," said BILL.

"I've 'erd," said the cook, who was a tender-hearted man, "as 'ow it's a good thing to go for a day or so without food sometimes."

"Who said so?" inquired Private BLISS, hotly.

"Diff'rent people," replied the cook.

"You can tell 'em from me they're blamed fools," said Mr. BLISS.

There was an uncomfortable silence; Mr. BLISS lit his pipe, but it did not seem to draw well.

"Did you like that pot o' six half I stood you last night?" he inquired somewhat pointedly of BOB.

BOB hesitated, and looked at his plate.

"No, it was a bit flat," he said at length.

"Well, I won't stop you chaps at your grub," said Private BLISS bitterly, as he turned to depart.

"You're not stopping us," said TED, cheerfully. "I'd offer you a bit, only—"

"Only what?" demanded the other.

"Skipper's orders," said TED. "He ses we're not to. He ses if we do it's helping a deserter, and we'll all get six months."

"But you're helping me by having me on board," said Private BLISS; "besides, I don't want to desert."

"We couldn't 'elp you coming aboard," said BILL, "that's wot the old man said, but 'e ses we can 'elp giving of him vittles, he ses."

"Well, have I got to starve?" demanded the horror-stricken Mr. BLISS.

"Look 'ere," said BILL, frankly, "go and speak to the old man. It's no good talking to us. Go and have it out with him."

Private BLISS thanked him and went on deck. Old THOMAS was at the wheel, and a pleasant clatter of knives and forks came up through the open skylight of the cabin. Ignoring the old man, who waved him away, he raised the open skylight still higher, and thrust his head in.

"Go away," bawled the skipper, pausing with his knife in his fist as he caught sight of him.

"I want to know where I'm to have my dinner," bawled back the thoroughly roused Mr. BLISS.

"Your dinner!" said the skipper, with an air of surprise; "why, I didn't know you 'ad any."

Private BLISS took his head away, and holding it very erect, took in his belt a little and walked slowly up and down the deck. Then he went to the water-cask and took a long drink, and an hour later a generous message was received from the skipper that he might have as many biscuits as he liked.

On this plain fare Private BLISS lived the whole of that day and the next, snatching a few hours' troubled sleep on the locker at nights. His peace of mind was by no means increased by the information of TED that Bystermouth was a garrison town, and feeling that in spite of any explanation he would be

treated as a deserter, he resolved to desert in good earnest at the first opportunity that offered.

By the third day nobody took any notice of him, and his presence on board was almost forgotten, until BOB, going down to the fore-castle, created a stir by asking somewhat excitedly what had become of him.

"He's on deck, I s'pose," said the cook, who was having a pipe.

"He's not," said BOB, solemnly.

"He's not gone overboard, I s'pose?" said BILL, starting up.

Touched by this morbid suggestion they went up on deck and looked round; Private BLISS was nowhere to be seen, and TED,

who was steering, had heard no splash. He seemed to have disappeared by magic, and the cook, after a hurried search, ventured aft, and, descending to the cabin, mentioned his fears to the skipper.

"Nonsense!" said that gentleman sharply. "I'll lay I'll find him."

He came on deck and looked round, followed at a respectful distance by the crew, but there was no sign of Mr. BLISS. Then an idea, a horrid idea, occurred to the cook. The colour left his cheeks and he gazed helplessly at the skipper.

"What is it?" bawled the latter.

The cook, incapable of speech, raised a trembling hand and pointed to the galley. The skipper started, and rushing to the door drew it hastily back.

Mr. BLISS had apparently finished, though he still toyed languidly with his knife and fork as though loath to put them down. A half-emptied saucepan of potatoes stood on the floor by his side, and a bone, with a small fragment of meat adhering, was between his legs on a saucepan-lid which served as a dish.

"Rather underdone, cook," he said severely, as he met that worthy's horror-stricken gaze.

"Is that the cabin's or the men's he's eaten?" vociferated the skipper.

"Cabin's," replied Mr. BLISS, before the cook could speak; "it looked the best. Now has anybody got a nice see-gar?"

He drew back the door the other side of the galley as he spoke, and went out that way. A move was made towards him, but he backed, and picking up a handspike swung it round his head.

"Let him be," said the skipper in a choking voice, "let him be. He'll have to answer for stealing my dinner when I get 'im ashore. Cook, take the men's dinner down into the cabin. I'll talk to you by and by."

He walked aft and disappeared below, while Private BLISS, still fondling the handspike, listened unmoved to a lengthy vituperation which BILL called a plain and honest opinion of his behaviour.

"It's the last dinner you'll 'ave for some time," he concluded, spitefully; "it'll be skilly for you when you get ashore."

Mr. BLISS smiled, and fidgeting with his tongue, asked him for the loan of his toothpick.

"You won't be using it yourself," he urged. "Now you go below all of you and start on the biscuits, there's good men. It's no use standing there saying a lot o' bad words what I left off when I was four years old."

He filled his pipe with some tobacco he had thoughtfully borrowed from the cook before dinner, and dropping into a negligent attitude on the deck, smoked placidly with his eyes half-closed. The brig was fairly steady and the air hot and slumberous, and with an easy assurance that nobody would hit him while in that position, he allowed his head to fall on his chest and dropped off into a light sleep.

It became evident to him the following afternoon that they were nearing Byster-mouth. The skipper contented himself with eying him with an air of malicious satisfaction, but the crew gratified themselves by painting the horrors of his position in strong colours. Private BLISS affected indifference, but listened eagerly to all they had to say, with the air of a general considering his enemy's plans.

It was a source of disappointment to the crew that they did not arrive until after nighfall, and the tide was already too low for them to enter the harbour. They anchored outside, and Private BLISS, despite his position, felt glad as he smelt the land again, and saw the twinkling lights and houses ashore. He could even hear the clatter of a belated vehicle driving along the sea-front. Lights on the summit of the heights in the background indicated, so BILL said, the position of the fort.

To the joy of the men, he partly broke down in the fore-castle that night; and, in tropical language, severely blamed his parents, the School Board, and the Army for not

having taught him to swim. The last thing that BILL heard, ere sleep closed his lids, was a pious resolution on the part of Mr. BLISS to the effect that all his children should be taught the art of natation as soon as they were born.

BILL woke up just before six; and, hearing a complaining voice, thought at first that his military friend was still speaking. The voice got more and more querulous with occasional excursions into the profane, and the seaman, rubbing his eyes, turned his head, and saw old THOMAS groping about the fore-castle.

"Wot's the matter with you, old 'un?" he demanded.

"I can't find my trousis," grumbled the old man.

"Did you 'ave 'em on larst night?" inquired BILL, who was still half asleep.

"Course I did, you fool," said the other, snappishly.



"Clear out, you—you—ballet girls!"

"Be civil," said BILL, calmly, "be civil. Are you sure you haven't got 'em on now?"

The old man greeted this helpful suggestion with such a volley of abuse that BILL lost his temper.

"P'r'aps somebody's got 'm on their bed thinking they was a patchwork quilt," he said, coldly; "it's a mistake anybody might make. Have you got the jacket?"

"I ain't got nothing," replied the bewildered old man, "cept wot I stand up in."

"That ain't much," said BILL, frankly. "Where's that blooming sojer?" he demanded, suddenly.

"I don't know where 'e is, and I don't care," replied the old man. "On deck, I s'pose."

"P'r'aps 'e's got 'em on," said the unforgiving BILL; "'e didn't seem a very pertikler sort of chap."

The old man started and hurriedly ascended to the deck. He was absent two or three minutes, and when he returned consternation was writ large upon his face.

"He's gone," he spluttered; "there ain't a sign of 'im about, and the life-belt wot hangs on the galley 'as gone too. Wot am I to do?"

"Well, they was very old cloes," said BILL, soothingly, "an' you ain't a bad figger, not for your time o' life, THOMAS."

"There's many a wooden-legged man 'ud be glad to change with you," affirmed TED, who had been roused by the noise. "You 'll soon get over the feeling o' shyness, THOMAS."

The forecandle laughed encouragingly, and THOMAS, who had begun to realise the position, joined in. He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and his excitement began to alarm his friends.

"Don't be a fool, THOMAS," said BOB, anxiously.

"I can't help it," said the old man, struggling hysterically; "it's the best joke I've heard."

"He's gone dotty," said TED, solemnly. "I never 'eard of a man larfing like that a 'cos he'd lost 'is cloes."

"I'm not larfing at that," said THOMAS, regaining his composure by a great effort. "I'm larfing at a joke wot you don't know of yet."

A deadly chill struck at the hearts of the listeners at these words, then BILL, after a glance at the foot of his bunk, where he usually kept his clothes, sprang out and began a hopeless search. The other men followed suit, and the air rang with lamentations and profanity. Even the spare suits in the men's chests had gone; and BILL, a prey to acute despair, sat down, and in a striking passage consigned the entire British Army to perdition.

"'E's taken one suit and chucked the rest overboard, I expect, so as we sha'n't be able to go after 'im," said THOMAS. "I expect 'e could swim arter all, BILL."

BILL, still busy with the British Army, paid no heed.

"We must go an' tell the old man," said TED.

"Better be careful," cautioned the cook. "'Im an' the mate 'ad a go at the whisky last night, an' you know wot 'e is next morning."

The men went up slowly on deck. The morning was fine, but the air, chill with a breeze from the land, had them at a disadvantage. Ashore, a few people were already astir.

"You go down, THOMAS, you're the oldest," said BILL.

"I was thinking o' TED going," said THOMAS, "'e's the youngest."

TED snorted derisively. "Oh, was you?" he remarked, helpfully.

"Or BOB," said the old man, "don't matter which."

"Toss up for it," said the cook.

BILL, who was keeping his money in his hand as the only safe place left to him, produced a penny and spun it in the air.

"Wait a bit," said TED, earnestly. "Wot time was you to call the old man?" he asked, turning to the cook.

"Toss up for it," repeated that worthy, hurriedly.

"Six o'clock," said BOB, speaking for him; "it's that now, cookie. Better go an' call 'im at once."

"I dassent go like this," said the trembling cook.

"Well, you 'll 'ave to," said BILL. "If the old man misses the tide, you know wot you 've got to expect."

"Let 's follow 'im down," said TED. "Come along, cookie, we 'll see you righted."

The cook thanked him and, followed by the others, led the way down to interview the skipper. The clock ticked on the mantel-piece, and heavy snoring proceeded both from the mate's bunk and the state-room. On the door of the latter the cook knocked gently; then he turned the handle and peeped in.

The skipper, raising a heavy head, set in matted hair and disordered whiskers, glared at him fiercely.

"What d'ye want?" he roared.

"If you please, Sir," began the cook.

He opened the door as he spoke, and disclosed the lightly-clad crowd behind. The skipper's eyes grew large and his jaw dropped, while inarticulate words came from his parched and astonished throat; and the mate, who was by this time awake, sat up in his bunk and cursed them roundly for their indelicacy.

"Get out," roared the skipper, recovering his voice.

"We came to tell you," interposed BILL, "as 'ow—"

"Get out," roared the skipper again. "How dare you come to my state-room, and like this, too?"

"All our clothes 'ave gone and so 'as the sojer chap," said BILL.

"Serve you damned well right for letting him go," cried the skipper angrily. "Hurry up, GEORGE, and get alongside," he called to the mate, "we 'll catch him yet. Clear out, you—your—ballet girls."

The indignant seamen withdrew slowly, and, reaching the foot of the companion, stood there in mutinous indecision. Then, as the cook placed his foot on the step, the skipper was heard calling to the mate again.

"GEORGE?" he said, in an odd voice.

"Well?" was the reply.

"I hope you're not forgetting yourself and playing larks," said the skipper with severity.

"Larks?" repeated the mate, as the alarmed crew fled silently on deck and stood listening open-mouthed at the companion. "Of course I ain't. You don't mean to tell me—"

"All my clothes have gone, every stitch I've got," replied the skipper desperately, as the mate sprang out. "I shall have to borrow some of yours. If I catch that infernal—"

"You're quite welcome," said the mate, bitterly, "only somebody has borrowed 'em already. That's what comes of sleeping too heavy."

The Merman sailed bashfully into harbour half an hour later, the uniforms of its crew evoking severe comment from the people on the quay. At the same time, Mr. HARRY BLISS, walking along the road some ten miles distant, was trying to decide upon his future career, his present calling of "shipwrecked sailor" being somewhat too hazardous even for his bold spirit.

W. W. Jacobs